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It is the desire of the University authorities to obtain, and to keep on record, as complete information as possible of the careers of the men and women who graduated from the University of Alberta. It is our feeling that a university should know how her sons and daughters are playing their parts in life. All who took part in the celebrations connected with the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the University were impressed with the comprehensive knowledge which members of some of the "Years" displayed in the life-happenings of the fellow-members of their Year. But there are very many gaps. It has been arranged that Mr. G. B. Taylor, the Secretary of the Alumni Association, organize in the University an Alumni Record File, in which every man and woman who had a place in the University life as a student and who graduated from the University, will still have a place in the daily life—to wit, in the Registrar's office—of their Alma Mater. There is much information, accumulated through the years: but there is much yet to be obtained. The contact which the University can maintain with the Alumni, and which it is essential to the health of the University to maintain, will depend in great part in the co-operation of our graduates with the University in the work which is being organized. May I, on behalf of the University, bespeak your kindly interest in this matter.

R. R. C. Wallace

President.

DUBITATIONS DE RELIGIO MEDICI

By Jean Burton

The "Religio Medici" was first published, more or less by accident, as books in those days were, in 1642, when Browne was thirty-seven years of age. As a young man he admitted his "greener studies" to have been polluted with two or three heresies. Rather rare and unusual ones, for Sir Thomas was a connoisseur of heresies; he doubted, indeed, if anyone but himself could have dug these in particular from their obscurity and revived them, so ancient and subtly valueless save as curiosities were they. Later in life, however, he cast them off, professing to find sufficient, or almost sufficient, exercise for his capacity for belief in the acceptance of orthodoxy, though he remained forced from time to time to complain, "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an *active* faith." For as he pointed out, "The deepest Mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by Syllogism and the rule of Reason." This process robbed them of half their interest; speaking for himself, "I love," remarked Sir Thomas with relish, "to *lose* myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!*"

Naturally this rendered the more ordinary acts of faith tame for him, difficult though they might prove themselves to more commonplace minds. Sir Thomas disposed of all such summarily. Thus, "How shall the dead arise, is no question of my Faith; to believe only possibilities, is not Faith, but mere Philosophy." The advantages of Divinity as an intellectual exercise, compared with this, were obvious. For, as Sir Thomas put it, "Many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense."

His general method of dealing with these was as follows: "Where there is an obscurity too deep for our Reason, 'tis good to sit down with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our Reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effects of Nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtleties of Faith. . . . I believe there was already a tree whose fruit our unhappy Parents tasted, though, in the same Chapter when God forbids it, 'tis positively said, the plants of the field were not yet grown, *for God had not caus'd it to rain upon the earth.* . . . Yet do I believe that all this is true, which indeed my Reason would persuade me to be false; and this I think is no vulgar part of Faith, to believe a thing not only above but contrary to Reason, and against the Arguments of our proper Senses."

Unless one had been taught better Sir Thomas might be suspected from such passages of having written them in the wickedest vein of a Voltaire. A cheerful acquiescence in beliefs, the doubts arising from which are stated with fatal clearness before being piously dismissed, is one of the most familiar devices of sceptical writers. Nor is uneasiness lessened as he continues:

"I confess there are in Scripture Stories that do exceed the Fables of Poets, and to a captious Reader sound like *Garagantua* or *Bevis*. Search all the Legends of time past, and the fabulous conceits of those present, and 'twill be hard to find one that deserves to carry the Buckler unto Sampson; yet is all this of an easie possibility, if we conceive a Divine Concourse or an influence but from the little Finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible Voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehension, there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies; my self could shew a Catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing; not fantastic Queries or Objections of Air; for I can not hear of Atoms in Divinity. I can read the History of the Pigeon that was sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out

her Mate that was left behind; that Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his Soul awaited; or raise a Lawcase, whether his Heir might lawfully detain his inheritance bequeathed unto him by his death, and he, though restored to life, have no Plea or Title unto his former possessions. Whether Eve was framed out of the left side of Adam, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be any such distinction in Nature: that she was edified out of the Rib of Adam I believe, yet raise no question who shall arise with that Rib at the Resurrection."

And with seeming innocence, "I would gladly know how Moses with an actual fire calcined or burnt the Golden Calf unto powder; for that mystical metal of Gold, whose solary and celestial nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot, and liquefies, *but consumeth not.*"

From the foregoing protestations of faith one might almost fear that Sir Thomas' own original misgivings were justified when he observed, that as far as religion was concerned, "There be several circumstances that might perswade the World I have none at all."

His method involved a very nice balancing, it will be noted, of those impossibilities which were true, and those which were not true. For example, "Of all Metamorphoses or transmigrations, I believe only one; that is of Lot's wife." He dealt with the easier ones first. "These," mused Sir Thomas, " are but the conclusions and fallible discourses of man upon the Word of God, for such I do believe the Holy Scriptures; yet, were it of man, I could not chuse but say, it was the singularest and superlative piece that hath been extant since the Creation."

However, "Truely since I have understood the occurrences of the World, and know in what counterfeit shapes and deceitful vizards times present represent on the stage things past, I do believe them little more than things to come. Some have been of my opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their own lives; wherein Moses hath outgone them all, and left not only the story of his life, but (as some will have it) of his death also."

The sting, here and elsewhere, is in the tail. He intimated, too, that these were only slight exhibitions of his powers of knocking down self-erected doubts, mere child's play: "These are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a Mystery. *There are others* . . ." But they too could be disposed of by the simple exercise of the proper principle, that is, "I hold that God can do all things." "How He should work contradictions," admitted Sir Thomas, as it were absently, "I do not understand, yet dare not therefore deny." There are minds that naturally crave the incredible, and such are the resources of human philosophy that they need never go unsatisfied.

Sir Thomas carried over his native scepticism and independence into the moral field as well. "That Vertue is her own reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable resolutions in a constant and settled way of goodness." And, candidly, "I confess I do not observe that order that the Schools ordain our affections, to love our Parents, Wives, Children, and then our Friends; for, excepting the injunctions of Religion, *I* do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble Sympathy to all those of my blood."

His philosophy enabled him to face death with equanimity, which is supposed to be a proof of soundness; but not with enthusiasm, and he held a healthy view of the tiresomeness of martyrs:

"I think my conscience will not give me the lye, if I say there are not many extant that in a noble way fear the face of death less than myself; yet, from the moral duty I owe to the Commandment of God (and the natural respects that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being), I would not perish upon a Ceremony, Politick points, or indifferency; nor is my belief of that untractible temper, as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters wherein are not manifest impieties. The leaven, there-

fore, and ferment of all, not only civil but Religious Actions, is Wisdom; without which, to commit our selves to the flames is Homicide, and (I fear) but to pass through one fire into another."

"I am naturally bashful," claimed Sir Thomas, and went on to explain (for his modesty, no less than his style of faith, must have in it something a little out of the ordinary), "Nor hath conversation, age, or travel, been able to effront or enharden me; yet I have one part of modesty which I have seldom discovered in another, that is, (to speak truely) I am not so much afraid of death as ashamed thereof. 'Tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, that our nearest friends, Wife, and Children, stand afraid and start at us; the Birds and Beasts of the field, that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, begin to prey upon us. This very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abyss of waters, wherein I had perished unseen, unpityed, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, Lectures of mortality, and none had said,

Quantum mutatus ab illo!"

"Not," he added, recollecting himself with a slight complacency, "that I am ashamed of the Anatomy of my parts, or can accuse Nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my own vitious life for contracting any shameful disease upon me, whereby I might not call my self as wholesome a morsel for the worms as any."

CHRISTMAS CARD

The crimson sunset flings a cloud of fire,
Across the snow-clad hill and strikes each spire,
That whitely reaches upward from dark lines
Of tattered spruce-trees and pagoda pines.

The tree-tops kindle into wisps of rose,
Ten million diamonds blossom on the snows,
A thousand candles twinkle in the trees,
And Christmas greetings warm the winter breeze.

Where Are The Fruits of Higher Education?

By C. L. Gibbs

The more I listen to lectures by educationalists, the more sorry I am for them. With an almost pathetic unanimity they proclaim the bankruptcy of the system as it is and call upon high heaven for a Moses or a Joshua. The burden of compliant, as far as I can make out, is that the school fails to relate its teaching to the realities of life. Dr. Hart, of the University of Wisconsin, who was in Edmonton last spring, told us that the average child gets vastly more real education outside the school than in it. Whether we like it or not, that is of course a truism at which we cannot afford to stop short. The real problem is the hiatus that exists between life learning and school learning and the failure of the latter to make those impacts that the friends of formal education have a right to expect.

Can it be that there is an open gulf of incompatability between life as it really is and the schoolman's conception of it? Are the facts so hard and ugly that our educational leaders shrink from facing them and prefer to wall up their students in a world of generous illusion as to the meaning and implication of modern progress? How are we to explain the paradox that, with universal education sowing the seed of culture broadcast over the land, it should be possible for a man like Dr. Murray Butler to maintain that there has been a shifting of values from ideals to economics, from liberty to wealth? "I am prepared to repeat the statement," he writes, "which I made in London in 1927 and again express the opinion that there is today in the world no great poet, no great philosopher, and no great religious leader. Human interest and the highest types of human capacity have shifted for the time being at least to other fields." I am not competent to confirm or confound such a statement, but I would like to deal with one phase of life, a study of which over 100 years would seem to suggest a cultural retrogression.

Anyone who looks round critically upon the physical aspect of the man-made portions of the world is obliged to question the extent to which the precepts and ideals of the schools have flowed over and flowered in the marts and metropolises of community life. The industrial revolution of the last century was characterized by a callous disregard for the finer things of life. Most countries that came under its spell seem to have adopted the dictum of the most dissolute of the Bourbons: "Après moi le déluge." The manufacturers and engineers of those days were a short-sighted lot of vandals who looked upon nature rather as a bull would look upon a china shop. Upon the beautiful countryside of Britain they wreaked such a wanton and savage violation as can never be healed. They poured their refuse into the rivers and colored the brooks with the new and horrid irridescence of their chemical poisons. Out of every material that could fashion itself into a mouth, there began to mingle with the morning mists an ever-deepening smoke cloud. It was as if a Birnam Wood of stacks and furnaces were moving to the attack, amidst the shrieking incantations of factory whistles and the bubbling cauldrons of chemical wizards; and behind them, behind the chimneys and the smoke, marching down the mean streets of mushroom suburbs, were the vital batalions of English peasantry—long files of rosy cheeked boys and girls, forced out of their village greens by a thieving squirearchy and herded towards the squalid slum by the press gangs of a new and more pitiless exploitation. There are some things for which industrial capitalism can never atone. The uglification of life is one of them.

To those who say that all these things have happened in spite of education, I would suggest that wisdom does not seem to be justified of her children, and that the fig tree of culture has been singularly barren of social fruit. I am quite aware that here and there the sons and daughters of Mary may be found tending individual fires, but that does not offset the fact that the philosophy of Martha has signed our epoch with its seal and her sons and daughters have dictated its creeds and standards. It is high time for

those who have passed through the refining processes of higher education to react against the tenets of a civilization that has not only put the car before the horse, but has practically eliminated the horse altogether. It is high time to tell the Philistines that there is no wealth but life and to explode the accepted fiction that a record crop of multi-millionaires symbolizes God's kingdom on earth. It is high time that the league-long lies of the advertising huckster should be stared out of countenance by the simple austerity of truth.

There is something futile in a spread of education that does not deepen the desire for social betterment. There is something futile in enlarged facilities for travel that do not make people more critical of their own environment and its amenities. Here in Alberta, we have the unusual advantage of a Premier who has not entirely shed his educational ideals. By his action in promoting a Town Planning Act and setting up a Town and Rural Planning department, he has made it possible for those who profess and call themselves thinkers to leave their impress upon the physical aspects of our community life. Every graduate of a university is by definition a thinker and a unit in that intellectual élite which it is the primary function of a university to create. It is to that élite that the appeal for town and rural beautification must address itself on behalf of those who are under lesser obligations to society.

Town Planning is a recognition of two things: the influence of environment and the value of co-operative effort. The influence of environment is enormous; we cannot isolate ourselves from it; by its contacts our characters and actions are colored. This is especially true of young people. A slovenly street or a slatternly community will engender an uncouthness in the people who have to live in them. It is little use teaching literature and art appreciation in the schools if the sights and sounds of daily life are mean and sordid. The surest way to make our boys and girls love Alberta is to make Alberta loveable, by making it lovely. The urge behind town planning is essentially symbiotic. It claims that the individual cannot be expected to think in terms of the larger unit, and that unrelated individual effort means piecemeal and haphazard growth. It realizes that things can be done by co-operative enterprise that are beyond the individual to achieve, and that more and more the upward curve of happier and better social life will be dependent upon the fullest use of our co-operative powers.

I come back to Dr. Butler's charge that the world has shifted its emphasis from the ideal to the economic, from the spiritual to the material. No one can accept such an accusation with complacency and justify our education expenditures at the same time. If higher education is either promoting or powerless to stem such a tendency, then we have put our money on the wrong horse. With all the privation and under-privilege there is in the world, we are not justified in spending huge sums of public money on a higher education that makes so few worth while impacts on social life.

Whatever we may think of the Russian experiment in sociology, we cannot but admire the logic that is making the Russian school a training ground, idealogically and practically for living under a socialist regime. It is evident that there is harmony between the Russian educators and the directors of social life. Both know what they are aiming at and, by the same token, stand a fighting chance of attaining it. Is there enough potency in Canadian education to cause its graduates to function as a leaven in the body politic and social of Canada before it goes the whole horrible length of the American absorption in mere dough?

Premier Brownlee, in launching his ideas on community beautification, has let fall a drop of acid on to the claims of those in Alberta who urge higher education in the interests of a finer social life. Some of us are from Missouri and want to be shown. We shall be a good deal influenced in our attitude towards spending money on higher education by the way in which the educated élite responds to the Premier's challenge. To those who shout, "Let's go" we shall oppose the more thoughtful reservation "Whither?"

TOURIST THIRD

WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.

Let me confess that I have been abroad again. That means, in Western Canada, a bombardment when you get home, from Rotarians, Lions, and other beasts of prey which, like that great adversary the devil, go up and down the earth seeking whom they may devour. I have become suspicious even of *The Trail*. I have been in Europe; I am asked to "say a few words." Is is just accidental? Is it fallacious in this case to say *post hoc, ergo propter hoc?* Or may I here recognize cause and effect? But no; I hear that cause and effect have no social or academic standing now.

One great problem about getting to Europe (and alas! getting back) is the sea-voyage. The next generation may "take the air"; we still have to go down to the sea in ships. Now ships are not so simple as the word is short. They are organized after a social model as well as after a naval design. In brief, as in society so in ships there are classes. These classes, like those of the census of Servius Tullius in the misty days of Roman history, are based not on birth, nor on brains, but on cash. The results are, I think, just about as satisfactory as you could expect with such a basis.

I have tried them all. The first class is very nice. It should be; you pay enough for it. It is like being conveyed across the Atlantic in a superior type of hotel, with apportunities for gambling on the ship's run which might get you arrested ashore. Some very nice people travel first class, and some who, despite their money or their rank, are obviously quite unpleasant people, loud, noisy, and arrogant. But the sociability of all first class passengers alike has a very low I.Q., unless you are an earl, a prime minister, a successful stock broker, or a Hollywood actress. Of course you have the opportunity of living very near Omnipotence in the person of the Captain. I have had to remake all my ideas of God since seeing a ship's captain at close range.

The larger boats have a second class; this exists to allow passengers who are not "on" to the racket a chance to give the steamship companies a little financial assistance. In consideration of being saved from the social ignominy of travelling third class (and let me assure you that you are saved from nothing else) you are permitted to contribute to the company about fifty dollars more than is necessary. This sum you might far better spend in Europe where you can get value for your money, or keep in your wallet to pay on that note you gave at the bank towards you trip abroad. The banker will be glad, and terribly surprised, to see it. No, travelling second gives you no standing with the first-class passengers, and loses you the chance of being democratically happy with the others.

So many of the men who read *The Trail* have made the third class passage at the expense of a loving country that I forbear to discuss it in detail. Going third eastward bound is not so bad, but I should never voluntarily go third westward. No doubt this is a grossly material civilization which we have here in America, but it does seem to instil in people certain decencies and cleanliness of an outward order at least, which Europe has failed to impart, or, being absorbed in higher things, has not thought worth while.

And so there remains only T.T., "Tourist Third." Never mind the Third; see how gloriously you are proclaimed TOURIST. People in the first and even in the second class are probably going to Europe for low purposes of commerce; you are going to enjoy yourself, to TOUR around, and really see Europe. Your quarters are scrupulously clean. They don't afford as much room for promenading as those of the first class, but much satisfactory philandering has been conducted to windward of a tourist third ventilator. You have to go downstairs to go to bed, which is against all our tribal customs, but then the higher you climb,

the further you roll. Your food is called by French names just like that of the first class; under Gallic disguises lurks often the homeliest of spuds. Your servants are quite as accommodating as those of the first class, and rather more friendly, friendliness not being encouraged upstairs; also their notions of what constitutes a fair tip are within mortal reach. Your travelling companions assay like those of the first class; some are very nice people, other obviously not so pleasant. But there is no more necessity to know the unpleasant ones than in the first class, and it is much easier to know the nice people.

And there is this additional point. Europeans are an economical folk, outside of their war-making. Many of them who are coming out to America for a visit, and many others who have done well on this continent and are going back to renew old acquaintance, see no more reason than I do for paying dear for a few days' transient accommodation. So the tourist third, which is cheap without being in any way unpleasant, brings together most interesting international groups. My little coterie of last spring may serve as an example; we were Americans, French, Danes, Hollanders, and Canadians. And there is a total absence of financial bluff and pretense; everyone is travelling T.T. to save money primarily, and so one of the world's biggest falsities is shoved aside from the beginning.

Would I travel T.T. if I had the money to go first? Well, I never had any sympathy with the erection of a hypothetical case, such as is tolerated in the American courts, and I ask you to let it go at that. Meantime remember, as I have already suggested, that Tourist Third is a hybrid name of which you can stress either part according to circumstances. If you are travelling first at your client's expense, you will emphasize the Third if you should be forced to refer to the people downstairs. If you are travelling Third in order to give some public institution (a school board, for instance) better service, maintain the dignity of labor by going it heavy on the Tourist.

MARRIAGES

CASSELS—COUSINS—At Calgary, on Saturday, December 14, 1929, Marion Acton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cousins, of Calgary, to William Henderson, '28, son of Mrs. William Cassels, of Edmonton. Dr. and Mrs. Cassels will make their home at Ponoka, Alberta.

FAWCETT—CROSSLEY—At Edmonton, on November 20, 1929, Florence Allison, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crossley, of Grandview, Man., to William Cornelius, '27, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fawcett, of Consort, Alberta. Mr. and Mrs. Fawcett will reside at Consort.

GIBSON—BENY—At Calgary, early in May (?), Helen Beny, '24, to George Ross Gibson, '29. Dr. and Mrs. Gibson have made their home in Lethbridge.

GOWDA—WARSHAWSKI—At Chipman, on August 10, 1929, Miss R. Warshawski to Faust Gowda, '28. Dr. and Mrs. Gowda have made their home in Edmonton.

HOLLIES—ROBERTSON—At Coronation, on October 30, 1929, Miss Robertson to Edward G. Hollies, '21, '27. Dr. and Mrs. Hollies will make their home at Waskatenau, Alberta.

HARRISON—GAZLEY — At Vegreville, on August 13, 1929, Berta C. V. Gazley, '27, to Robert W. Harrison, '26. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison will make their home in Camrose, Alberta.

OSTERLAND—KIRK—At Medicine Hat, on July 17, 1929, Agnes M. Kirk to Clifford D. Osterland, '26.

KELLEY—JONES—At Calgary, on July 14, 1929, Miss D. Jones, of Calgary, to Mr. C. C. Kelley, '25, of Standard, Alberta. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley have made their home at Fort George, B.C.

THE HIMMELSBRIEF

D. E. Cameron.

The story of the *Himmelsbrief*, or *Letter from Heaven*, provides one of the most curious footnotes that could be written to the history of literature. I once saw a decorated copy in the home of a German peasant, without quite understanding what it was, and a year ago, when the newspapers were full of the discussion aroused by the so-called Witchcraft Murders, I read with surprise that today, on this continent, there are thousands of homes in which the place of honour is shared by the *Bible*, *The Long Lost Friend*, and the *Himmelsbrief*. The first of these everybody knows; the second is a book of witchcraft and magical remedies for the would-be necromancer, and here is the story of the third.

The *Himmelsbrief*, in its usual modern form, claims to have descended from heaven at Rädergau in Holstein in 1724, but it is known to have existed for over a thousand years before that. In general form—for the text and its accompanying tradition vary from place to place—it is claimed that some worshipper saw a letter descend from heaven over the altar or font of some church, at Jerusalem, St. Michel in Brittany, or Rome, or other favoured place. This letter was written in letters of gold on marble, or, as some say, on ice. No one could lay hands on it, for it was always withdrawn, until some bishop or other worthy person at last was permitted to copy it and circulate its contents. Mystical power was attributed to possession of a copy, and it circulated so widely that it has been found in the middle ages even as far from the centre of Christendom as Iceland.

It is probable that the *Letter from Heaven* had precursors in the pre-Christian world, and is modelled on a venerable model. It was well known in western Europe in the sixth century, when we find Vincentious, the Bishop of the Balearic Islands, commending it as an authentic letter from the hand of Christ. His colleague of Carthage, however, repudiated the letter as a subtle attempt on the part of sectarians to impose a judiastic Sabbath on the church. In 743 St. Boniface complained to Rome that he was hindered in his work by a man called Aldebert, who claimed to possess a letter that had been dropped from heaven at Jerusalem and picked up by the Archangel Michael, and was trading on the popular veneration for it. At his request a Synod at Rome emphatically condemned the letter.

The proudest days of the *Himmelsbrief* came in the thirteenth century, when the flagellants carried it with them as they scourged themselves from shrine to shrine, seeking to rouse Europe to a state of fanatical fervour.

Today modern versions of the same story are common. Printed copies of the letter are still hung up in houses in costly frames, as a magical protection against fire. When the Germans were in China some years ago, the German soldiers commonly carried the letter in their kit-bags as a protection against the casualties of war, and in the world war they are known to have carried the letter "massenhaft", believing, or hoping, that it has magical power. The German publisher of the modern version was appealed to to desist from reprinting it, and refused on the ground that it was too profitable a part of his business!

What does the letter contain? Nothing to give a hint that its origin was supernatural; it gives wearisome exhortation to goodness and church attendance, and is strong on the magical virtues of a rigid Sabbath observance. Its appeal today is not to virtue but to superstititon, and it is venerated only for magical power attributed to mere possession of it.

It has been conjectured that the ancestry of the *Himmelsbrief* may be identified in such scriptural references as Ezekiel's visions, or Zechariah's flying roll, and perhaps we may trace its near relations in the fatuous chain letters (usually claiming some supernatural origin) that circle the weary globe ceaselessly, with promise of some mysterious good to those who copy them a specified number of times and so help to perpetuate the inanity. I wonder if these banal absurdities have kindled their feeble light from the venerable and ancient letter from heaven?

HIGHER (?) EDUCATION

GAMMA

To a recent recruit among those who habitually, and with intent to make a living, cast pearls of wisdom, the defects of an educational system are perhaps more glaringly evident than to many old timers. The memory of regretted gaps in one's own undergraduate training is still fresh, and that sense of the utter hopelessness of establishing the ideal "knowledge for its own sake" has not permeated one's bones. One still clings to the foolish notion that it is possible to persuade others to pursue, as a major activity, "Quaecumque Vera" —and enjoy it! Hence these rather aimlessly jotted generalities are offered, though doubtless many wiser men have thus mused, and merely sighed.

Let us glance at our ideal, then wend our way through the lower and necessary strata back towards our goal again. We profess to seek Truth, a dynamic but graceful goddess of ever-increasing proportions. She is as fascinating as the ever-expanding panorama which unfolds during the ascent of a mountain, but the path of attainment is hard and steep—there are no funiculars! Those whom the rigors leave by the wayside must perforce be content with the view from their level. But how shall any of us appreciate Truth's utmost grandeurs if we be but ill acquainted with her humbler forms?

The University assumes responsibility where the High Schools Leave off, yet has no control over the qualifications of those who clamor for admittance. The first year is thus spent in attempting to fill the preparatory gaps. High School curricula require work and concentration, but we seem afraid pupils will over-exercise their mentalities, and to protect them from strain we curtail the work covered (though the sum total of knowledge goes on increasing as usual). We attempt to impart some cultural ideas, to which many personalities are impervious, and thereby usurp, unsuccessfully, a major function of the home. Culture grows only in suitable surroundings, and needs roots. We might be content to nourish those in existence, for we cannot produce blossoms by the wave of a brush or baton. If the home is not one in which culture finds favor any seeds we may happen to sow have little chance of sprouting. And if the home is a cultural influence the efforts of the school are puny and unnecessary. But we can, and often do by methods of presentation, implant in the minds of our pupils an intense dislike of good literature and other forms of beauty. True and leisurely appreciation is not an invariable attribute of passing examinations!

During the first year, then, our undergraduates, at least the successful ones, are changed from the High School to the University type. There *should* be a difference! The method must be gradual, but do we succeed in making the metamorphosis real? Only partially, it must be admitted. Some of our undergraduates come seeking knowledge. These it is a delight to encourage. More, alas, come for social prestige, for fun, because their parents came, because their parents didn't come, or because they are just not ready to begin taking themselves or life with even the optimum proportion of seriousness. We tend to foster their number rather than their quality, though we give lip-service to the prayer that heaven may preserve us from the worship of mere size. We hope for more—we even anticipate more—and worry where we shall get space and equipment to accommodate them!

Throughout their following years we shepherd this flock of trusting lambs, protecting most of them carefully from all alarm in the form of mental exertion. We know they would fall by the wayside if left on their own responsibility. We rejoice, of course, in the few who are happy exceptions. The rest attend lectures which divulge to them the contents of books they should read for themselves. The few write essays into the conception

which a little thought has gone. Most ite examinations which reveal that they member a little over half (or a little der half!) of what they should know, d lamentable under-development of that ost important of faculties, the ability "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" r themselves. The degree portals are de, so that one may truly say, "Some hieve degrees, others have degrees rust upon them." How many of our aduates are prepared unflinchingly to ok facts in the face? How many have s prejudice than when they came? ow many lack a sense of proportion?

What can be done to make our Univer- y education really "higher"? If our gh Schools cannot, or will not, prepare eir students for work of University libre, a two-year intermediate, or col- giate stage might supply the need for ose who have shown themselves capable going further, and genuinely desirous so doing. Such an institution could ach the student to work for himself. It ould prevent children of sixteen from ming to University, and no one should art younger than eighteen. It might be alogous to the last two years in an Eng- h Public School. During this time the ever boys, having passed the London atriculation, say, at sixteen, spend two ars working individually under their aster's tuition. They enter the Univer- y, then, with a thorough introduction the subject they intend to read, and ve learned already how to work for d by themselves.

It was mentioned above that the Uni- rsity has no control over its entrance alifications. The examination should be s own concern, and be administered by University examining board. The De- rtment of Education may quite prop- ly have the responsibility of saying how uch more, or how little more, than they ve to impart, its future teachers shall ow, but Matriculation should be dis- ct, and, judging by present standards, a rather higher calibre.

Given more adequate preparation in one ay or another, the University would be le to apply its efforts to the building of a superstructure such as is implied in the term "higher education." This must be kept distinct from mere training, which takes the place of a glorified apprentice- ship and fits one for some form of pro- fessional life. We may call this "ad- vanced education" if we will, since the work is difficult and complicated com- pared with what most of our citizens get in the Public and High Schools. We should reserve the adjective "higher" for the education we give, or ought to give, to honors students, those who will one day, we hope, extend further the bound- aries of knowledge. Such must always be a few chosen carefully from the many.

It will be said that an institution sup- ported by public money cannot refuse to take students, but surely the officials of the University are better judges of an applicant's capacity than any fond parent who imagines, for no apparent reason, that his progeny has been specially en- dowed with talents! There is, to be sure, a certain weeding out. All who enter do not, at the end of four years, emerge by the front door wreathed in smiles. If there is an objective standard such a weeding out is right, proper and inevit- able, and we must continue to regard it so unless more of the weeds are stopped by an entrance examination. If, through worship of numbers, we come to believe that no thinning out should take place, is the University so to frame her require- ments that any ambitious moron may leave with a parchment tucked under his arm? Give everyone a chance, by all means, to earn the right to our hall-mark, but keep the degree worth obtaining by letting it be the reward of a real effort! It might be useful to give even more stress to the honors degree, intensifying our distinction between sterling and plate.

We compel our students to come to lectures. During the period of transition into the University type this may be ne- cessary, but should then become super- fluous. It does not encourage the striv- ing after perfection in the lecturer, and it leads the student to believe (rightly in too many cases) that a judicious regurgit-

ation of his notes will get him through the examination. We pretend to take in boys and turn out men, but we have not taken sufficient trouble to train them properly to gather knowledge for themselves. We advise them to learn to concentrate and to use their working time efficiently, then blithely assume that they will not, and proceed with the iniquitous "spoon-feeding" and shielding them from themselves. The University is not the place where one should be protected from *anything*, but rather where one should learn to deal with circumstances as they arise.

It is sometimes said that we tend to stifle thought with facts, but it must be borne in mind that thought which is not founded upon an adequate and extensive acquaintance with facts is flimsy stuff, to say the least. We do not acclaim an author who disregards life as it is lived, but we encourage one who writes about "real people." We do not respect the scientist who rates his pet theory higher than experimental evidence which may contradict it. Facts are the grist for the mill of thought, and adequate raw material is necessary, but not sufficient, to prevent inferiority in the product of individual mills.

Really what we need most is an insatiable lust for learning in our students. But are we ourselves not somewhat to blame for the lack of enthusiasm? Do we burn with zeal while lecturing? Not often, since the too common process of predigesting a text is not inspiring. Neither the lecturer nor his hearers feel greatly uplifted. Generally the listeners are there because they must take the course and attendance is a pre-requisite to examination, the lecturer is there because the calendar says the course must be given. If higher education is to become more universal without a drop in standard it must come to be regarded as a "Truth Treasure-hunt," and enjoyed at least as much as our familiar treasure-hunts whose pleasures and prizes are so ephemeral.

To be adequately equipped for the worship of Truth we need, then, better preparation and all it implies. We need more intellectual selection, and more development of individual initiative and responsibility. And most of all we need enthusiasm in those whom we would prepare to take the torch from us; not a noisy, klaxon enthusiasm, but one whose greatest satisfaction is in quiet enjoyment of steady achievement. And what can one do towards this admirable end? Nothing, apparently, in a hurry, but ever follow the lodestar of one's own ideals, doing one's best, and hoping for better.

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PORTRAIT OF A PIANO-PLAYER

By J.D.C.

We, Jon and I, found a couple of brown, long-legged youngsters leaning against their horses in front of the ramshackle post-office. They were glad enough to receive the two dollars we offered, and told us we could have the horses as long as we wished. A few minutes later we were over the ridge and on the valley road. We trotted over the resounding plank bridge and walked the beasts up the long slope of the other side. At the top we stopped and surveyed the valley, dark-green and silver, and the brown river half-hidden. The west wind struck us sharply. We headed into it along the ridge road and started to canter.

Jon was having difficulty, without a doubt. He clung grimly to the horn of the saddle, but he let the mare have her head. He would not let me outdo him. After a bit I looked back. He was close behind, clinging desperately, and his white teeth, clenched, gleamed in the sunlight. But his eyes were shining and his cheeks burned. Jon was enjoying it, after all. I had been a bit dubious.

I pulled to a trot. He came bouncing up.

"L-Lord, th-that was—some—run," he managed to say. "It's worth getting sore for."

I had warned him. We walked the horses.

"Clean speed," he exclaimed. "Wonderful, isn't it? Oh, I know I cut a frightful figure on a horse, but I sense the thrill of it. Don't you?"

I nodded.

"It's different from a car. A horse is a living creature, a car is only a machine. You can feel the ripple of muscle under the saddle, can't you? Horses are lovely animals."

We turned and started back. It was late afternoon, and the sky had turned to saffron behind us. Nothing broke the silence except the clip-clop of hoofs on the hard road.

"I know I shall be frightfully sore. Compensation for all things in this world, isn't there?" His mare waggled her ear in approval.

We again reached the spot where the road dipped down into the valley. We stopped and turned to the west again, where the sun was sinking in a rose-and-golden haze.

"And in what hidden places are Thy shining footsteps seen," Jon murmured. "What has music to do with such splendour as that? No, not Beethoven in all his glory——"

"We shall be late for dinner. Remember what the last late dinner did for you," I said.

"Oh go—er—very well." We turned the horses down the road.

I went into his room one Sunday morning at eleven. He was propped up in bed smoking innumerable cigarettes and reading the Book of Job.

"Listen," he exclaimed. Then he read: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . the glory of his nostrils is terrible.' Man! The power and color of those words! 'Clothed his neck with thunder!' Who wrote the Bible, anyway? You're a student."

"You still seem to be quite interested in horses," I countered, rather too maliciously.

"Certainly," he replied. "Don't evade. Do you know who wrote the Bible?"

"No," I answered truthfully, "but what I would like to know is, why are you not up practising? Precious hours wasted. Surely you're not content with the small-town praise you get. You are good, yes, but not so good that you can rest on your oars."

He laid aside the Bible. Janet stuck her head in the door.

"Here's a cup of coffee for you, Jon. I had it brought up with mine."

"Hello, you," she said to me. She adored Jon.

"Thank you, my dear," he said. When she had gone, he went on:

"I'm really not so much, you know, in the way of a piano-player. I don't need

to tell you that. But I'm not really anxious to be better. Oh yes, I am, too, but I'm not willing to pay the price. If I went off to Europe for six or ten years and studied, I would come back in the near-first-hank, maybe. And then . . ."

He drank his coffee and lit another cigarette.

"Did you ever get to know any of those 'at the top'? No? Well, I have, quite a few of them. They're frightfully unhappy."

"Did you ever find an artist who was happy?" I countered.

"No, of course not. But they are lonely, and that's the worst unhappiness. Parnassus is frightfully cold, and the peak-dwellers won't even crowd together for company and warmth. I met Tesca at a party in New York one night; we found a corner in the conservatory, and she poured forth her maudlin woes, slightly tinged with brandy, poor creature, till some bourgeois tracked us down and devoured her alive. Yes, you may say that I'm just lazy. So I am, in truth. But I say truth when I tell you that I'd rather play for these little prairie audiences and bring joy to them than to play for Massey Hall, Metro, or Albert Hall. I mean that; take it as you will. I'll get up and go for a walk with you before lunch."

A country hotel is a sorry dwelling-place of a Sunday, to say nothing of the rest of the week. The drummers who are still on the road are noisily sleeping off the effects of Saturday night. The chambermaids are later and frowsier than usual. The half-deserted stuffy "lobby" serves only as a painful and necessary means of exit to the sweeter out-of-doors. Jon and I descended. The podgy, beer-gutted proprietor was safely wedged in his armchair by the cold stove. The fold of greasy red flesh over the back of his collar seemed to protrude more with each expectoration.

"Mornin'," he said genially, with a rattle in his throat.

Jon stopped.

"Good morning. It's almost afternoon, isn't it? How do you find business these days?"

"Aw, not so good, not so good. Usually picks up round this time o' year. No good this year. Say, friend, that there piano-playin' o' yours las' night was dam' good. That there Campy Neely"—by which I gathered that he meant Jon's Campanile—"was durn fine. 'Course I don't know much about it—but it was good," he finished explosively, and spat to end the period.

"Im very glad you liked it." Jon's fine teeth gleamed in a smile. "Perhaps we can come back another year."

"I shore hope you do, friend. It all depen's on the crops. Well, the dinin' room'll be open direc'ly. I'll look fer ye fer dinner."

He waddled off. Jon shivered a little as we went out.

"You practise what you preach," I said to him.

"If you knew how hard it is!"

"I do," I replied.

Jon's life was a continual conflict between his fastidiousness and his philosophy of service. He loved the life he led even as he hated it; the genuine love of the joy-bringer. I had seen him go on the stage of a frowsy little small-town hall, before a scattered crowd of tired, old-plaster faces; men to whom "working on the land" brought only hopelessness, women to whom honest labour did not bear a lovely face, children with raucous voices and sodden eyes. I had seen him transform their world for a few fleeting moments, snatch them away from their parched summer days, plows, sweaty horses, pigs, and child-births, through magic casements to a new sensuous world of beauty. And he too was transmuted. He would come off the platform exhausted, but as near to happiness as is given such tormented mortals as he to be.

Jon Turner furnished an example of that peculiar quality of mind which is widely talked of, but seldom seen. He had, if ever mortal did, a "magnetic" personality. There was in his handshake a sensation comparable to the faint electric thrill when flesh touches bare flesh on the gymnasium floor. Watching from the audience his strong unhandsome face (he

was childishly sensitive of what he called his homliness) with its gleaming smile and grey eyes wrinkled at the corners, the old ladies would smile back and the awkward newly-weds would blush a little deeper. Sometimes he would sing one of his own songs in a bass that was not without its untutored charm. One was called "Granny." Sometimes a dear old soul would weep a bit and sometimes, too, Jon could not keep back a tear. Of course, it was all frightfully sentimental. Jon was such a child at heart.

He played a German dance of Brahms for them, an ancient minuet of "papa Hayden's," his own arrangement of a Barcarolle, the Campanile, the Stars and Stripes march and some little will o' the wisp from Farjeon. They all said that he was a good piano-player.

One Sunday morning Jon did rise early. We made our way through the sleepy dusty sunshine, past the mouldy beer-parlour, the staring windows of the pool-hall, the garish displays of one Alex. McMurchy, merchant, in the midst of which blazed a legend informing all and sundry that this week all dresses were half off, to the hall. It was dusty, smelly and echoing. Like the town, it went with trailing shoelaces. We opened all the windows and let the prairie breeze drift through. Then Jon sat at the piano and worked a while at his new number, "The Plains." After a bit he played over all that he had done. It was almost finished. His music did not tell a story. It was the intangible embodiment of the emotions which the prairies brought to him; the cool dim quiet of the dawn, the never-flagging hope of the pioneer's morning-song, the sweetness of the day's work well done, the hungry love of human families, the peace of day's end and a late meadow-lark twittering in the dying sun. We sat in reverie a few minutes after he had finished.

"But, Jon, that's very beautiful; too beautiful to be the life," I said. "It's really a pretty ghastly business for most of them."

"Of course," he answered, somewhat sharply, "I know that. Do you want me to write that? Oh, you students, you confounded students! Truth above all things, you say. Do you know what truth is? Don't talk that way until you do. How do you know that our dreams, their dreams, are not the real truth, and all this sordidness we see, only devilish nightmares? If I can bring them splendid dreams, it is enough for me."

It was late, and we had walked far. We turned north again towards the town. There was no moon, but in our faces the Borealis flamed in great shifting streamers, like the fingers of God, we thought, on some celestial clavilux. We stopped and lit cigarettes. Jon told me he hadn't smoked a pipe since Royal Con. days. He could not abide a pipe since. It reminded him painfully. We walked slowly back to the dark town, with the soft glory of the summer night upon us.

THE MONOCLE

Yes, we're back. The new Editor is giving us another chance and we're taking it. Or if not we, he. At all events, we've a lot of things on our mind.

* * *

Since we left the University we're just an ordinary man-on-the-street, but you'd be surprised to what things our mind occasionally turns. Take drama, for example, and Canadian plays in particular. Now we pretend to no extraordinary knowledge of that branch of literature; bue we maintain, and stoutly, that it takes no extraordinary knowledge to discover that Canadian drama does not exist. Or, to employ a more scholarly phrase, *non est.*

* * *

We have Canadian short-story writers and novelists, and several of them have earned for themselves no mean fame. And we personally confess a preference for the the young tradition and theme of Canadian poetry, fragile and hesitant as it may be, over most of the verse this continent has produced. We need not be ashamed of our Canadian musicians for either interpretation or creation. But where are the Canadian playwrights? You may regard that question as purely rhetorical; don't answer (you can't), just look uncomfortable and squirm uneasily. Yes, there was Mrs. Isabel Eccleston Mackay, there is Merrill Dennison and that gentleman (is it Atkinson?) who wrote "So this is Canada!" and several other pieces of light and enjoyable comedy. But unless the effete East has something up the sleeve of her new society frock, that's about the lot.

* * *

For years now the Dramatic Society of our own University has been producing at least five plays a season. But unless my memory is at fault, only two Canadian plays have ever been presented. Our play selection committees have been composed of men of more than ordinary patriotism. They did not scorn compatriot playwrights; they looked for them and couldn't find them. In fact, "The Second Lie" (one of the Canadian plays) was a singularly unpatriotic choice.

* * *

There will never be a Canadian dramatic centre until it is nourishing and being nourished by a native Canadian drama. We will have no Canadian actors until we have a Canadian dramatic centre. And there will be no Canadian drama of the first rank until Canadian players are acting Canadian plays.

* * *

And do not say that there will never be a distinctive Canadian drama, for that implies many tragedies too painful to think upon. It implies that we shall go on acting well and indifferently well foreign pieces from New York and London, that our own actors will continue to migrate to other fields (are not Julia Arthur of St. Joan and John Quallen of "Street Scene" Canadians?), that Toronto, Montreal, Edmonton and Vancouver will never witness "first nights" except in New York and Chicago, that we shall be forced to see and hear and next, I suppose, to feel American pictures for the rest of our days, that our Mary Pickfords and Norma Shearers will continue to go to Hollywood to become Mrs. Douglas Fairbankses and Mrs. Irving Thalbergs, thereby further dwarfing the histrionic potentialities of the Canadian race, that the art which chronologically should be among the first to develop will never develop here and that you will be forced to submit *in perpetuum* to frantic, organized and despairing outbursts such as this.

* * *

All this must not come to pass. There will be a Canadian tradition evolved. Scores and scores of proselytes will write timidly and secretly. They will fail and curse the hard-boiled editors and producers. Occasionally a play will be produced and it will flop. An over-zealous miniature impressario will appear dedicated to the production fo Canadian plays. He will fail, happy luckless wight, God grant

"Of the Thousand and One Things . . . This is the Best"

When Dr. Tory was leaving the University he used the above words to express his appreciation of the Alumni gift, the establishment of the Scholarship Fund. Since then no special call has been made for contributions, but a small amount has been set aside from current revenue each year, until with other donations about six hundred dollars have accumulated. The bigger the fund the faster it grows, honce the call: "*Have you got your Life Membership yet?*" Although this is addressed to the older members who, presumably, can spare fifty dollars more easily than the recent graduates, there may be some of the latter who have sprung to sudden affluence. To *all* we say, "Think it over."

Life membership dues *go straight into the Scholarship Fund* (both branches have generously waived their shares), and so does the revenue from them. How long shall class '21 claim the honor of having our only Life Member? Here is an excellent opportunity to do oneself a good turn and at the same time to hasten the day when the first Tory Scholar marches up the familiar steps of Convocation Hall.

I may be he! And then some amateur shall blunder upon something, and to that something shall befall a happy inexplicable accident and in the manner of the discovery of "Journey's end," we shall get our first Canadian play.

* * *

Of what shall it treat? Of human joys and sorrows, of love perhaps, of a young man meeting the world and learning his wisdom, of some new reason for laughter, of some simple glorious sacrifice. The theme will not be new, but there will be something in the work which will mark it as Canadian. There will be something which will identify it forever with the soft landscapes of the older Ontario, the stern practical philosophy of the prairies or the unequivocal independent spirit of a Rocky Mountain home. There will be no bristling-haired huskies, no crafty half-breed trappers, no scarlet-coated Rider of the Plains, but none the less the story will be as vividly Canadian as a crisp October afternoon at the Varsity grid or a hike up the valley of the Whitemud.

* * *

Here, finally, are two respectful but earnest suggestions, upon which the Alumni might act. First, that a competition be established forthwith among all faculty members, students and alumni for the best Canadian play; that its dramatic soundness and not merely its literary quality be tested in a play night competition.

Second, that the Editor of this learned periodical recommend to the Alumni Council that twenty-five dollars of the funds of *The Trail* go to the purchase of a permanent competition trophy, whose extrinsic value the years alone must enhance.

* * *

This is serious, Mr. Editor.

—I.

EDITORIAL

Amid the rush and excitement of getting this issue off the press before the New Year, we pause for a few minutes to wish all Alumni members the heartiest of season's greetings.

If we may say so without appearing too unsophisticated there really seems some genuine reason for renewing this year the fervent hope that the Christian ideal of Universal peace and brotherhood, so long merely a pretty theme for pulpit oratory at this time of the year, is assuming a deeper significance in the hearts of men and nations. We are aware of course that there are those "who refuse to be comforted," and who insist Cassandra-like on prognosticating woe, and we have dimly at the back of our minds the recollection of a poem, studied in our undergraduate days, in which the poet says, "Whatever the year brings, it brings nothing new," and in which Peace is referred to as "the derelict of wars." Evidently the poet believed that you can't change human nature. It is at least comforting to find that the political leaders of the world do not entertain such a depressing view of human nature and are making mighty efforts to change it, leading their people away from the old national jealousies into a broader view of international relationships.

In the face of this it may seem to those who regard the spread of Universal education as the greatest achievement of Christianity somewhat unseasonable to include in this Christmas issue two articles in which the authors both find "something rotten" in the state of Higher Education. It may seem to them like bringing a skeleton to the Christmas feast.

Yet it is because our ideals of democratic education are so bound up with the teachings of the Founder of Christianity that there is peculiar significance for us at this time of the year in the warnings of our leading thinkers, many of whom agree that we are engaged at the present day in a race between Catastrophe and Education. If our civilization in its noblest aspects is a product of Christianity and if its preservation depends on the success of our educational efforts then we cannot spend too much time, in season and out, in determining how well our Educational systems are equipped for the struggle. That there is something amiss few who keep abreast of contemporary thought will deny, and it is doubtless because they see a real possibility of the nations of the world sinking into the abyss that the sincerest of our leaders in the political world are urging the necessity of a change of heart on the part of the public.

Too long have the universities on this continent been content to "give the public what it wants" in the matter of education. It is time our educational leaders took their place in the forefront ranks in an effort to turn the public along the sterner road of a severer mental discipline towards what Matthew Arnold, sixty years ago, characterized as the "sweetness and light" of an intelligent, tolerant and all-embracing culture.

CAMPUS CHATTER

It's cold weather. Even the single path across the Quad to Athabaska, and the double trail to Pembina, are used only when real hunger drives the residence students to the Tuck. The boys are digging out their 1926 overcoats again, the girls are taking to woolen hosiery, and the temperature in the Arts Building has been raised to 75 above in the class rooms and 45 above in the halls. Strangely enough, there has been no resulting increase in the percentage attending lectures, or decrease in the number frequenting the corrdiors. Which is by no means a bad thing.

If it were otherwise, our university "life" would cease and the U. of A. would become the degree factory it is sometimes called. While four out of five are feverishly anxious as to the outcome of an organization meeting, while sub-committees are meeting hurriedly between bells, while programs are being booked for the Graduation Dance next May, while a thousand vitally important trivialities are assuming paramount interest in the student mind, no one need fear for the future of the University. To some students the University is represented by a girl, to others by a team, a frat, a play or a budget. Whether this first term of the 1929-30 session has been a successful one or not, can be decided only by reference to individual opinion.

Certainly it has not been marked by outstanding athletic victories. Both the rugby and the track team were beaten for the major prizes in their respective competitions. The girls' track team did well, the tennis team was whitewashed, and the soccer team had a good, though unspectacular, season. But there were no wild scenes as home-coming teams climbed off tourist sleepers, nor speeches in the Arts rotunda. And, strangely enough, the students have been too busy to miss them very much.

But enough of generalities; the editor is a scientist and therefore is sure to point out that data should always come before principles. It doesn't much matter what we talk about; everyone is tied up with something or other and some are sure to feel slighted.

Of course there's Dramat. The Inter-Year Plays have come and gone again. The four classes presented, by strange coincidence, four different plays. The Frosh and Sophies chose easy ones, the Juniors and Seniors were both as ambitious as usual. The Junior play failed to register, the Senior play did with most. The judges and audience agreed that Bert Cairns (Frosh) was the outstanding actor of the evening, and Phyllis Hart (Soph) the outstanding actress. The Seniors won a close decision from the Freshmen, by a polished production of one of the most difficult one-act plays ever presented here. It was Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" a play without a star, and without a conclusion, ably directed by Hugh Morrison, so that the play was everything, the actors nothing.

Which reminds one, that Hugh goes to Oxford next year as the Alberta Rhodes Scholar for 1930. This popular selection was made after the candidates had been put through a severe 12-hour inquisition by the Selection Committee. Besides having dramatic talent, Hugh is a heady quarterback, a fine scholar, a reliable executive and a gifted writer. He will continue at Oxford his studies in English.

Another popular award was that of the I.O.D.E. Scholarship to Peg Roseborough; also an Honours English student. The Dramat, the French Club, The Gateway, the Arts Club and a half-dozen other organizations have been materially assisted by the work she has done for them. Especially in Dramat has she at-

tained striking success for extra-curricular efforts. For three years she has deserved, and played, star parts on the Varsity stage.

Which goes on to remind one that Dr. Wallace has been doing great things toward the formation of an Edmonton Little Theatre, which is certain to be closely connected in fact, if not in theory, with the University. It is expected that its first plays will be produced early next year.

Debate forums have been held regularly as of yore, but not quite so successfully. There are a few fair debaters around, but the number doesn't seem to be increasing. At that, the intercollegiate debates in January and February should be really successful. Priestley and Sigler meet a Saskatchewan team at Edmonton on January 17, Gibbs and Mackenzie going to Vancouver. Wereshof and Surplis meet a central Canada team some time in February.

The greatest mess of the term occurred shortly before the Junior Prom, when it was discovered that almost twice as many people as could go to the dance had invited partners, booked programs, bought new gowns or saved up enough money for taxi-fare. The Juniors posted an "order of preference" list; the conscientious ones waited in line to abide by it and the rest bought their invitations from Juniors. Everyone was a junior that week, freshmen, sophs, seniors, graduates, janitors, and members of the staff. Of course they all said later that they hadn't even been brought up right, they didn't know it was wrong. Judging by appearances they will all be forgiven except those few who attempted to "scalp" invitations. However, we had an absurdly delightful Union meeting out of it.

By the way, Dr. Wallace now agrees with the old saying that "You've got to hand it to the hold-up man." The President was walking home from Philosoph one evening when the thought first struck him. The follower of higher education got only $10.00 for his pains, which leads one to suggest that those who follow this profession would do much better if they would concentrate their efforts on some of the janitors, riding to and from work in their neat little sedans.

There are two frats and four sororities in process of organization on the campus. None has as yet been recognized by the Senate, but the Tuck Shop is filled with groups of anxious plotters, and the Greek alphabet is being given attention unique on this campus at least. The C.O.T.C. band still practices at 4:30 on Tuesdays and Thursdays and a Chess Club has been formed. A fact which complicates the affair is the holding of a Med dance at the Macdonald in January. Shortly after this announcement came news of the success of Varsity cattle in eastern stock shows. Then came Mr. Maurice Colbourne's startling decision not to speak to the Dramat—even at tea-time.

Time only can tell. The Varsity Ball will be held in Calgary during the holidays and the new constitution is now in printed form. Moreover, everyone is getting his picture taken, and there is prospect that epitaphs will include as much poor poetry as ever. One Sophomore opposed the motion that the meeting adjourn. I followed him out, and overheard one potent remark, which seemed to sum the matter up. He turned carelessly to a friend and whispered, "She is the only girl I know, whose kisses taste like Lon Chaney looks."

—DON BEE.

G. B. TAYLOR, B.Sc.
Writer of Alumni Notes.

NEWS OF THE BRANCHES

CALGARY

Ambitious plans are on foot for the Alumni Ball sponsored by the Calgary Branch and to be held on Dec. 27. To quote from *The Gateway*:

"Very careful plans and preparations have been made by the dance committee. The attendance will be strictly limited as in former years. The tickets are four dollars per couple. Each grad (member) and student in attendance is entitled to one double ticket and has the privilege of placing the names of one other couple on the list of reservations, or rather on the waiting list. Reservations are restricted to members and students up to Dec. 14. Reservations made after that date will be placed on the general waiting list and filled in order. Tickets will be available after Dec. 9. Reservations will not be held after noon Dec. 21st."

A new executive has been elected for 1929-30. The names appear on page 21 of this issue.

WINNIPEG

Yes, it's true even if they did choose Friday the thirteenth to organize. But read:

"Shades of Dr. Broadus and Dean Kerr!!

There are about thirty University of Alberta graduates in Winnipeg; and some wiseacre has asked: 'Why not bring the cream of the intelligentsia together occasionally?'

Without wasting further words the idea is this: An unostentatious dinner party will be held at the Mikado Tea Room at six-thirty pip emma on Friday the thirteenth of December for the purpose of organizing a local branch of the U. of A. Alumni Association.

You should be present.

This intimation is being sent to all known graduates and former students of the old place in Edmonton. Pass the good word along.

If you will attend this dinner (at one dollar per each), please advise the undersigned interloper by letter or telephone prior to December ninth.

Allons! Allee-oop! and Quaecumque Vera!

Hopefully yours,
W. B. Herbert,
On behalf of the Scheming Committee."

Further news of the infant prodigy will be published in the next issue. In the meantime all the rest of us join in three and a tiger for the latest arrival. Hip! Hip! Hip!

EDMONTON

One meeting has been held and that a highly successful one. About seventy of us taxed the accommodation of the lounge for dinner on the evening of November 15, and then listened while Dr. Alexander described his summer's stay at the University of Perugia, in Italy. The name of the speaker is enough to indicate to those who were not there, what they missed. Hugh John Macdonald presided. This same gentleman polled a good vote in the recent civic elections, and the Edmonton branch just missed having an alderman as their president. Better luck next time, Mr. Macdonald.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

President.....Dr. W. F. Gillespie, '14, '21, 10174 107th St., Edmonton
First Vice-President.....Mrs. I. F. Morrison, '13, 11620 93rd Ave., Edmonton.
Second Vice-President..Mr. D. P. McDonald, '26, '28, 8 Cameron Blk., Calgary.
Third Vice-President.....Miss O. Haw, '25, '28, The High School, Lethbridge.
Secretary.....G. B. Taylor, '23, '25, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
Treasurer.....Mr. F. G. Newson, '24, '26, 201-2 Bank of Commerce Bldg., Edmonton.

OFFICERS OF THE CALGARY BRANCH

President.....Dr. D. C. Haworth, '28, 216 12th Ave., Calgary.
Vice-President.....Miss H. L. Aylsworth, '28, c|o Canadian Western N.G.L.H. and P. Co., Calgary.
Secretary.....Miss Frances MacMillan, '28, 1305 Prospect Ave., Calgary.
Treasurer.....Mr. James McMillan, '24, c|o Calgary Power Co., Calgary.
Members of the Executive:
Miss Catherine Williams, '22, 1719 33rd Ave. S.W., Calgary.
Miss Rachael Horner, '29, 815 19th Ave. W., Calgary.
Mr. Eric Stuart, '27, '29, 718 7th Ave. W., Calgary.
Mr. Fred Irwin, '27, 431 4th Ave. W., Calgary.
Mr. James Mahaffy, '25, 614 1st St. N.E., Calgary.

OFFICERS OF THE EDMONTON BRANCH

President.....Mr. H. J. Macdonald, '21, Bank of Montreal Bldg., Edmonton.
Vice-President.....Miss Carman Dixon Craig, '27, University of Alberta, Edmonton.
Secretary.....Miss Maimie Simpson, '22, '25, 11122 88th Ave., Edmonton.
Treasurer.....Mr. K. R. Jamieson, '24, '26, 915-18 McLeod Bldg., Edmonton.
Members of the Executive:
Miss Grace Studholme, '25, 9739 108th Street, Edmonton.
Mr. Kenneth Duggan, '25, 11017 89th Avenue, Edmonton.

ALUMNI NOTES

There have been a good many letters since I last penned these notes. Many of the old guard and as many of the new have written, usually enclosing their fees. These last are needed, as there is a fairly large current expenditure, and we want to build up the Fund as well. In this connection it is a pleasure to announce that Mr. A. West, Bursar of the University, and Mr. W. Dixon Craig, '17, have agreed to act with the Treasurer of the Association as a Board of Investment. They will invest to the best possible advantage all sums from life memberships, subscriptions and allotments. To those of our members who are not still continuing their studies, might I suggest that a good way to start the New Year would be—well, *you* frame the resolution!

Now to the real business of this column. *Mildred Rowe Weston*, '24, writes from Akron, Mich., as follows: "*Julius Grimson*, '25, of Ladner, B.C., spent a day with us in October. The following day we motored to Lansing, where Julie was to meet his wife and three-year-old son.

While in Lansing we visited with *Bob Morrow*, '25, and his wife (nee *Lola Perry*). Bob has a spacious three-room office in one of the large buildings and has established a fine practice. His house address is 507 N. Sycamore. We learned that *Dr. Bill Armstrong*, a former U. of of A. medical student, has recently married a Baltimore girl, and was also practising in Lansing." *Norman Scott*, '24, remarks briefly: "Business as usual at Barrhead, Alberta." *Fred J. Batson*, '20, than whom there is no more faithful member, is "still trying to make the best furniture in the world with the Kittinger Co. of Buffalo. At the last stockholders' meeting I was elected first vice-president. . . . I have become greatly interested in vocational training for boys. Recently spoke on the subject to the Baltimore Chamber of Commerce and also at the New York State Teachers' Convention. The country is just beginning to realize the importance of this phase of education. I should like to see any of the 'gang' that happen down this way." The address is 1893 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. Another man to whom Alberta is dear is *Dr. Harry A. Pearse*, '19, 3744 Taylor Ave., Detroit, Mich. He writes: "I am lecturing in Obstetrics now at Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery, and was admitted to Fellowship in the American College of Surgeons in October. My home is always open to Varsity men who happen to be in Detroit, if they will phone me." *Professor Norman A. Clarke*, '18, sends the following from the Dept. of Chemistry, Iowa State Colleges, Ames, Iowa: "I spent the summer in England, France and Switzerland. One day when playing golf at the West Essex Club near London I came across *Dr. Valens* of the first medical class. He told me that he is a ship's doctor and visits places half round the world. I think he said he was just off to Java. He was just as big, or even bigger, than he used to be in 1913." *Frank L. Grindley*, '25, '26, whose home address is 10942 80th Ave., Edmonton, has been connected with the building of the St. Walburg-Bonnyville Branch of the C.N.R., and has a camp near Fort Kent, Alberta, on the Cold Lake Trail. Another such is *T. F. Walton*, '28 (home address, 9733 89th Ave., Edmonton), who is with the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd. *Helena D. Keith*, '22, teaches English in the Lachine High School, Montreal, her address being 23 17th Ave., Lachine, P.Q. A letter from *C. D. Osterland*, '26, is headed c|o Canadian Utilities, Ltd., Yorkton, Sask., and indicates that the writer is never very long in any one place. Further news of this alumnus will be found in the Vital Statistics. *Bernard N. Malo*, '29, says: "Kindly forward *The Trail* to The Moses Taylor Hospital, Scranton, Pa., where I expect to be until Jan. 1, 1931. *W. C. Whiteside*, '28, is resident on the house staff there. *M. Buriak*, '29, has taken unto himself a wife and is interning somewhere in Pa. (Shamokin, Pa.?—Sec.) I spent July and August in the Manhattan Maternity, N.Y., but did not run into any of the old boys. Met *Don Currie*, '25, '28, early in November on his way to New York to do some P.G. work." *C. W. Laverty*, '28, is with the Westinghouse Co. in Hamilton, his address being 107 Sanford Ave. N. He says: "We have about the same bunch here. *J. W. Porteous*, '28, left us about a month ago to take up a position in Syracuse University. At a party given him just before he left the following boys might have been seen: *D. C. Bryden*, '28 (95 Stirton St.), *A. F. McPherson*, '27 (125 Sanford Ave. N.), *C.E. Moorhouse*, '27, *J. S. Kyle*, '28 (791 King St. E.), *Carl Pollock*, '28, *C. D. Underwood*, '24, '25 (down from Yukon territory, and living at 29 Hazel Ave.), and yours truly. Two other grads who could not come were *T. M. Parry*, '29, and *E. Olson*, '28. A few weeks ago we had a visit from *A. R. Jones*, '28, and *Gus Gudmundson*, '29. They were both in the transformer plant of the General Electric in Toronto then, but are probably back at the main plant in Peterboro by now."

* * *

Let me say in passing, that if it were not for similar letters to those quoted above, from an astonishingly small group of alumni, these

notes would be meagre indeed. I hereby appoint all the rest of you as permanent partners in the firm with the one duty of treasuring up and sending in bits of news about fellow alumni and alumna.

* * *

To continue: *J. H. Armstrong*, '28, writes as follows: "I have been for the last year and a half with the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation. My address is 90 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N.Y." *Alfred Drew*, '27, is "down in the smoky city now (323 Lawn St., Pittsburgh), where there are already several other Civil Engineers. I saw *Ken Cox*, '16 (c|o Rust Engineering Co., Kopper Bldg.), a couple of months ago, but have not seen *R. B. Bryden*, '22 (515 Royce Ave.), nor *Art Fraser*, '24 (15 Chestnut St.). . . . At present I am in the Metallography Lab. of the Jones and Loughlin Steel Corp. in their Aliquippa plant, and am finding it very interesting and pleasant." From *H. R. M. Acheson*, '29, comes the following note: "My address is at present c|o C.P.R. Construction Dept., Procter, B.C. I ran into *L. S. Piper*, '28, in Trail the other day. *W. M. Davidson*, '25, can be reached c|o C.P.R. Construction, Nipawin, Sask. *A. G. Baker*, who graduated in Law '22, is practising at Edson, Alberta." Headed "Ministère de la Voirie, Province de Québec," comes a brief note from *L. V. Bell*, '25, which intimates that he is a geologist for the Quebec Bureau of Mines.

Of the medical fraternity I have the following news: *Leone McGregor*, '25, is working with Dr. F. B. Mallory at the Boston City Hospital, Boston, Mass. *C. G. Lee*, '25, First National Bank Bldg., Highland Falls, N.Y., says: "Am enjoying life a few miles up the Hudson River. The same practice in Alberta would make me quite content." *R. S. Rosedale*, '29, and *Mrs. Rosedale* (née *Helen LaFleche*), '22, '28, write from the Henry Ford Hospital at Detroit to say: "Our present address is 1303- Delaware Ave., Detroit, Mich. Since coming here we have met some old Alberta students, notably Doctors *Christie*, *Dowling* and *Bresnell*, and some other former students." *Pat Malcolmson*, '29, is in the Wellesley Hospital, Toronto, with *G. S. Charlesworth*, '22. *Faust Gowda*, '28, practises at 3 Christie Grant Bldg., Edmonton, and receives mention in Vital Statistics. He says: "I met Dr. *Christie* and Dr. *C. D. Husband*, '28, at Red Deer on my way to Banff. There I saw Dr. *H. Shankman*, '23, of Harris, Sask."

A note signed "*Carl A. Scholl*," '18, is written on special paper, and so it should be, for it begins: "Pay to the order of . ." Dr. Scholl is in the Department of Economics at Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan. Another old-timer whose address is all that I have learned (I *would* know more!) is *W. J. McKenzie*, '16. He is at Rossland, B.C. Dean Weir tells me that "*Sig*" *Nielson*, '22, '24, is lecturing at Stanford University, and is very well liked there. Speaking of California, I am reminded that *Clarence Tookey*, '20, visited his old haunts a few months ago. He is engaged in actuarial work in Los Angeles, to which he commutes from his "ranch" at La Canada. Here he grows every imaginable kind of fruit and has plenty of room for his two boys to play. Clarence gave me the following addresses: *L. V. Miller*, '20, 805 17 St., Sautax Momica, Calif.; *R. P. Miller*, '20, home address 505 W. Whiting Ave., Fullerton, Calif. (*The Trail* goes to Apartado 33, Maracaibo, Venezuela); *E. S. McKitrick*, '20, 1443 W 88 Place, Los Angeles; *Sam Francis*, '20, 464 Midway, San Mateo, Calif.; *John A. Carswell*, '20, 2207 Camden Ave., Sawteele, California. It is quite appropriate that *R. T. Hollies*, '20, '21, should be mentioned along with his classmates. Bob may now be reached c|o City Engineer, Calgary, Alberta. And *Charles* "*Jitney*" *Banks*, '21, practises in New Rochelle, N.Y., his address being 650 Main St., Pintard Apts. *George R. Gibson*, '29, and *Mrs. Gibson* (née *Helen Beny*), '24, may be found at 11 Victoria Mansions, Lethbridge, Alberta. *A. Valentine Baldwin*, '25, is with the Johnsonburg Radio Corp., his address being 516 Hugh St., Johnsonburg, Pa. Two other members of the same class, *F. J.* and *Mrs. Stewart* (née *Irene Castor*) and their

small daughter dropped in for a chin not long ago. Fred is working on the Ghost River project for the Calgary Power Co. Their address: 10018 113th St., Edmonton.

R. W. Harrison, '26 (see Vital Statistics), is in the High School at Camrose, Alberta. *Janet M. Cook*, '24, of Box 134, Barons, Alberta, remarks: "Still at the grind of High School teaching. Convention in the offing." Another teacher, though not in the province, is "*Dave*" *Teviotdale*, '20, '21, who lectures at Stanford University. He and *Mrs. Teviotdale* (née *Agnes Wilson*), '12, may be reached at the following address: Route 1, Box 545, Palo Alto, California. *Wes Oke*, '26, '27, whom I saw at the football game on Nov. 11, still plays a pedagogical role at Grande Prairie, Alberta. I believe that *John McGuire*, '22, teaches in Edmonton at the present time. Of the agricultural boys I learn that *T. C. McBeath*, '28, is employed by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. on phosphate experiments, and that his address is Raymond, Alberta. *O. R. Young*, '24, '29, is with the Soils Dept., and *W. R. Foster*, '28, with the Field Crops Dept. at the University, specializing in Plant Pathology. In this connection it is a pleasure to announce, belatedly, that *E. C. Stacey*, '24, '27, has been made assistant superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Substation at Beaverlodge, Alberta. Cliff has had 70 acres of his new farm broken this year with a view to the growing of registered seed. Another appointment is that of *Ethel Norris*, '29, as dispenser at the University Hospital, Edmonton. *Roy P. Clarke*, '20, '23, who has been associated with the Royal Financial Corporation in Vancouver for some years has been transferred to Toronto. *George W. Auxier*, '27, '29, 11050 84th Ave., Edmonton, has been called to the Alberta bar. He is practising with the firm of Speers, Ogilvie and Buckley. *Winifred Gilhooly*, '28, is now Secretary of Girls' work for Alberta. *A. C. McGugan*, '29, has been appointed provincial inspector of health. He has always been particularly interested in public health work. Another government appointment is that of *Harry J. Wilson*, '15 (9828 92nd Ave., Edmonton), as assistant deputy attorney general and collector of succession duties. He succeeds *Chas. "Cy" Becker*, '20, '22, who has returned to his old love as pilot-manager of the Commercial Airways Co.

Many of our members are continuing their studies. In addition to those mentioned in the October issue we have: *William Mueller*, '26, at McGill with a National Research Council Fellowship. *Alan Galbraith*, '29, at Harvard in mathematics (1673 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass.); *J. A. McPherson*, '29, in the Department of Physics at the University of Toronto; *George Stanley*, '29 (Rhodes Scholar), Keble College, Oxford, England. At the University are *W. V. Drake*, '22, in Organic Chemistry; *G. C. French*, '26, in Education; *William Swift*, '24, '27, also Education; *Tom Stanley*, '29, in Applied Science; *Helen Carnes*, '28, *Max Wershof*, '28, *Dan Mackenzie*, '28, *Bill Hobbs*, '28, and *Ed. Read*, '29, in Law; and *H. E. Morris*, '29, in Chemistry. In the General Office are *Anna Watt*, '28, and *Flora Carson*, '28, *Marguerite Cooper*, '26, having returned to Calgary (911 13th Ave. W.).

I make no apology for introducing that doughty Winnipeg publicist *W. B. Herbert*, '23, '26, again—in fact, I wish we had more like him. By the time you finish reading his last letter you'll see why:

Nov. 27, 1929.

"Dear Geoff:

Here's two dollars to buy ink for *The Trail*.

Last week *Armour Ford*, '22, '24, dropped in to see me. He's been on a short holiday to Toronto and Guelph. While there he visited *Don Philp*, '22, who is managing director of one of the largest advertising firms in Toronto, and doing very well. Not to mention his bouncing baby boy, which Armour describes as le dernier mot!

Recently received a letter from *Bruce Macdonald*, '24, '26, who is practising law with Messrs. McLarty and Fraser at Windsor, Ontario. He appears to have

transferred his affections pretty well to the East. Do you remember *Bill Dean*, engineer of, I believe, 1927? (I do, Walter; the year is 1928, however.) He blew into town last week from The Pas, with a bride. (Details please, Mr. Dean, for Vital Statistics!) Bill is flying for Consolidated Smelters or some such mining and prospecting company. Another engineer wrote to me last week: *Tom Knighton*, '26 (or George?) He's with a mining company at Chapman Camp, and gives the following regarding certain forty-beer men: 'Today we were expecting *Bill Jewitt*, '23, to arrive by aeroplane from Calgary. The Alberta contingent of *Alex Jackson*, '23, *Frank Marleau*, *Doug York* and myself will meet him. This summer I saw *Walter Selnes*, '26, '27, now a married man and manager of the Kootenay-King property near Fort Steele. *C. E. White*, '27, is at the company's (C.M.S. Co.) phosphate plant at Fernie. *Howard Hargrave*, '25, *Ray Woodford*, '27, and *Johnnie Millen*, '24, are in Trail. *Fred Etheridge*, '25, was here last week. (Address, please.—Sec.) We see *Bill Burgess*, '23, and *Len Telfer*, '24, here occasionally; they are both working on phosphate!—that accounts for a number of the black sheep. (Intense resentment on the part of the engineers!) *Emily* recently heard from *Daisy Kellam*, '27, '28, who is secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at Saskatoon. The same city provides a home for *Mac Holmes*, '26, and his wife (née *Dorothy Richards*, '23), and their eight months' old son and heir, Sandy.

We now have nearly thirty U. of A. grads in Winnipeg, and hope to get our alumni branch started on Friday, the thirteenth of December. Our roster includes *Reg* ('23) and *Mrs. Barnecut* (née *Alethia Wood*, '22), *Tom* ('25) and *Mrs. Devlin* (née *Ruth Lyness*, '26), *George Ferguson*, *Andrew Cairns*, '23, *Mo Kellam*, '27, *Jack Allen*, '28, *Ross Cooper*, '26, *Jean Folkins*, '27, *Esther Prevey*, '25, *Clara Ward Farrell*, *N. Hardin*, '25, *Jack Ellis*, '26, *Marcel Jean-Richard*, '23, *Walker Dunham*, '20, *Bill Hanna*, '22, '23, *Mary Willison*, '25, *Silver Dowding*, '23, '24, *Morris Baker*, '25, and *Johnnie Walker*, in addition to the *Herberts*. Of course we have Doc McGibbon here to guide our footsteps.

More anon. This is just a note written in a hurry because I know you need my two dollars for the Tory Fund.

Best regards from Emily and Walter."

Pretty generous "note," eh what?

I am simply going to note a few new addresses and then conclude. Here they are: *E. L. Churchill*, '23, 11334 93rd St., Edmonton; *E. M. Willis*, '23, 15 Algonquin Apts., Edmonton; *D. O. Sproule*, '29, The Royal Institution, 21 Albermarle St., London W.1, England; *Wesley Smith*, '25, Raymond, Alberta; *Harry Wilton-Clark*, '25, c|o Roberts-Schaffer Co., Wrigley Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; *L. H. Nichols*, '25, 3437 Mountain St., Montreal; *G. S. Ortner*, '28, c|o Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. (Assay Office), Trail, B.C.; *Russell D. Henderson*, '27, Irvine, Alberta.

The end at last. Here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!

—G. B. T.

—and I like them because they are *blended right.*

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